

The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

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- NEWS ITEMS. SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. FARM ITEMS. MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. GEMS OF THOUGHT. Wit and Humor. HEARTHSTONE SPINNS. MARKET REPORT.

WANTED!

\$1,275 REWARD.

TO THE LITERARY MEN AND WOMEN OF CANADA.

We want to become acquainted with you! We want to unearth the hidden talent, now buried in our cities and hamlets, inland farms and seaside dwellings, primeval forests and storm-tossed barks. We crave narratives, novels, sketches penned by vigorous Canadian hands, welling out from fresh and fertile Canadian brains, thrilling with the adventures by sea and land, of Canadian heroes; redolent with the perfume of Canadian fields and forests, soft as our sunshine, noble as our landscapes, grand as our inland seas and foam-girt shores. What inexhaustible fields in the realms of fact and fancy lie open to your industry and genius, women and men of Canada! What oceans of romance! What worlds of poetry! Why then do we see so little worthy of note brought forth in literature by our countrymen and countrywomen? Merely for want of material support and encouragement! That is all. Now we open a tournament to native talent, and invite all to enter the lists. We ask for novels and stories founded on Canadian history, experience and incident—illustrative of back wood life, fishing, lumbering, farming; taking the reader through our industrious cities, floating palaces, steam-driven factories, ship-building yards, lumbering shanties, fishing smacks, &c., and we offer the following prizes for the best Canadian stories:

1st prize. 2nd prize. For a story of 100 cols. \$500 \$300 " 50 " 250 150

For the two best short stories, complete in one number, \$50 for the best, \$25 for the next best.

We want to have an essentially Canadian paper, and gradually to dispense with selections and foreign contributions, &c. Stories will be received until the first of Octo-

ber, when the selections will be made and the prizes forwarded at once. Rejected stories will be preserved for three months, and the authors may have them returned on forwarding stamps. Send along your manuscript now as soon as you please.

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We have received several letters with reference to the prizes offered by us for original stories, asking various questions which we will endeavour to generalize, and answer as follows: 1st. A story will do with the scenes laid partly in Canada and partly in another country; but the choice will be given to a purely Canadian story; the more Canadian it is in plot, incident and feeling, the more likely it is to be accepted.

2nd. By "native talent" we do not mean to exclude all but born Canadians; any resident of Canada is eligible to compete, and the subject of birth or nationality will not be taken into consideration at all as long as the writer is a resident of Canada.

3rd. We do not consider the time at all too short; three months is ample time in which to write stories of the lengths we require.

4th. Stories not gaining prizes, but which are still interesting and worthy of publication, may possibly be desired by us for future use, in such cases we will communicate with the author.

5th. Some of our correspondents seem to have forgotten the rule "write only on one side of your paper," please observe it in sending us stories.

BURNING THE POCKET.

There is an old saying that money in some people's pockets seems to burn a hole in it, so anxious is it to get out; and this saying is true with a very large class, especially with young men in business, whose time is very largely occupied. They are hardworking, industrious, and useful members of the society for the greater part of the time; but, give them money and they are never comfortable until they have got rid of it. This class are not exactly spend-thrifts, they are honest and industrious and are not, as a rule given to running in debt. Debt, to an honorable man, involves a responsibility for payment; and this the burn a hole in the pocket class do not usually care to assume; they pay their way as long as they have any money, and then wait until they get some more. The great difficulty with this class is that they cannot keep money; they can, and do, keep their engagements; they keep their words; they are industrious, but, they cannot keep money. Just as soon as they get any amount of that into their possession they are uneasy until it is spent. They call it "keeping money in circulation," and claim that money is only worth working for, for the pleasure of spending it; and they never take into consideration the fact that there may come a time when they cannot work for it. This burn a hole in the pocket class is to be found very largely amongst workmen, clerks and others who get paid weekly; they live as they get paid, from week to week, and seldom think of any necessity beyond Saturday night. On Saturday they are "flush" and their money begins to burn their pockets; they pay any debts they may have falling due on Saturday evening—for they generally pay as long as they can—and then, with the surplus, "go on a spree." Sometimes they run out on Saturday evening, but usually they save a trifle to "see them through the week;" this trifle melts rapidly and by Wednesday night they are "dead broke," and have to bridge over Thursday and Friday the best way they can until Saturday comes again, and they receive a fresh supply. This class is not, in some respect, a bad one, they are simply improvident; never learnt, and never will learn the value of money; they live only for the present, and carry out in too literal a sense the Bible injunction "take no care for the morrow." It is often a matter of wonder that young men in good situations, and mechanics with constant and paying employment, if suddenly stricken with sickness, or thrown out of work, have nothing to fall back on. "They ought to have saved something," says the prudent man; and so they ought, but they didn't, that's all about it; as long as they can work they will do well enough, but withdraw that work and then comes the time for which they have never provided, the time when they must live without working. It is astonishing how many men go through life living from hand to mouth, and making no provision whatever for the future, either temporarily, or spiritually; they work on to the end and die in harness, and all because they belong to the burn a hole in the pocket class. Of course, there are some people in the world who cannot save money, everything seems to be against them; expenses they never dreamed of are constantly cropping up, sickness is always overtaking them, want of work, or some other mischance is always occurring to them; but a very large class who can save money, and ought to do so, do not in their old days, when they should be able to rest from labor, they are either thrown on the

charity of others, or forced to eke out a miserable existence at whatever work will afford them merely the bread and butter necessary to sustain life. We do not by any means advocate avarice; we hate meanness; but we do advocate a careful forethought of the future, and a proper provision for a rainy day. Savings' Banks have done a great deal to counteract this habit of living only in the present, and we hope they will do still more good. When a man once gets his money "in the bank," he feels a hesitancy about drawing it out again which he does not if it lies idle in his pocket. Then when it has accumulated a little he experiences a certain degree of pride in having a sum at his command which he can use whenever he pleases, and a consciousness of independence if misfortune should overtake him; and better than all, he feels that if sickness or death should incapacitate or remove him, there will be something, although, perhaps, but trifling, to keep the wolf from the door of those he loves, for at least a little while. It is in early childhood that a spirit of frugality and forethought should be engrafted. The child who is allowed a little pocket money should be taught, if possible, to restrain its wants to a little less than that little. Allow a child twenty-five cents a week, and teach it to save five. At the end of the year it will have saved two dollars and sixty cents, which will appear a very large sum, and with which it can purchase something hitherto unattainable. This will be a very practical way of showing the difference between money at wholesale and money at retail, and will exemplify to the child the advantage of keeping the outgo a little below the income, and perhaps prevent its ever belonging to the burn a hole in the pocket class.

For the Hearthstone.

BLOODY BONES: OR, THE BUSTED BOOMERANG. A TALE OF INDIAN LIFE.

BY OUR CRAZY REPORTER.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It may be proper to state here that one of our reporters has just completed his five hundredth Dime novel, besides having read all of Mrs. Ann Stevens' J. P. Smith's, G. P. E. James' Miss E. E. N. Southworth's, Miss Harriet Lewis' works, and half a dozen authors of the same style; and he thought he could do something in the sensation line himself. After three weeks of hard labor he produced the following effusion, which we will be recognized as a thrilling Indian romance, replete with novel scenes and incidents, &c., &c., a la sensation papers of the day. The various interpolations in the way of parentheticals he is not responsible for, they being the work of his confederates in the office, who think themselves witty, and sundry others of his friends who found the manuscript in his desk and "improved" it—as they called it—for him. Poor fellow! he read the proof and he now mourns in Beauport. This is his novel, published as a warning to those who are disposed to indulge too freely in sensation literature.]

Before the stamp of civilization had been placed on the site at present occupied by the city of Montreal; before the white man had introduced breeches and fire water to the untutored denizens of the forest; while the wild whoop of the Indian rang out over Mount Royal, and the typical beaver and the gentler skayed their thirst in the cooling waters of the St. Lawrence, there lived and flourished in the neighborhood of Lachine, the mighty tribe of the Chichelecheuchous. These days were spent in the pleasant occupations of scalping the braves of neighboring tribes and continually thumping themselves on the breast and exclaiming: "Ugh! Big Injun; Me great chief!" [Note by our Historical Correspondent:—"From the peculiarity and originality of the expression; and also from some manuscript in my possession, written two thousand two hundred and twenty-two years ago, on plectled sheepskin in indelible ink, in the Tamarackundissassafra language, I should place the date of this story somewhere between the creation of the world and 12 P.M. on the twenty-fourth of last month."] It was in the chilly month of November, and the fast approaching advent of the less-king was noticeable in the freezing, biting, chilling blast which ruffled the serene bosom of the noble St. Lawrence; and in the eddying, circling, foaming, maddening water which howled, and roared, and raved, and rushed, and belled, and blustered down the Lachine rapids, and hissed, and boiled, and bubbled and surged under the Victoria bridge. [Note by our Poetic Contributor: "The author evidently means that the water would have done so had the Victoria bridge been built, which it wasn't."] The waters foamed and boiled, and rushed with ten million force against the shores, shaking the mighty forest trees to their deepest roots, and causing their wild and frantic moans and cries of agony to rise over the howling of the waters. It was evening. The gorgeous, glorious, majestic sun had suddenly dipped below the horizon with a vehemence which gave the idea that he was hungry and wanted his tea. Ninety-three millions ninety-three thousand ninety-three hundred and ninety-three stars (estimated by our Astronomical observer, sent specially to the spot at great expense) suddenly burst forth in all their splendor and brilliantly illuminated the scene with a sickly blue light, like a second class fireworks exhibition. A solitary canoe was seen on the river. It was loaded with steam, and was steaming in the direction of the rapids, thirteen hundred and nine feet seven inches an hour (estimated by our Sporting Editor). It had but one occupant: a man of gigantic height and muscular frame, with vast and powerful arms (measured by our Prize Ring correspondent and found to be two feet seven and nine-sixteenths inches around the muscles) who forced his frail skin against the overwhelming current with the ease and skill of a cat in catching a wasp with a toy bow. [Contention by our Humorous Contributor: "Beautiful and poetic simile," He

was pulling a long, even, unbroken stroke, thirty-seven and nine-eighths to the minute (by our Aquatic reporter), and in his robust manhood laughed at the puny efforts of the flowing tide to stay his onward course. ["Tide running forty-seven knots and a loose piece of string." By our Naval correspondent.]

He shot under the Victoria bridge (or where the Victoria bridge ought to have been) like an arrow hurled from its bow and with unerring eye steered his way toward the Lachine rapids. [Our City Editor went for the Coroner.] Nearer and nearer to the boiling cauldron of tumultuous water approached my darling hero; and more and more fiercely surged the fierce tide against his frail skin, threatening to dash it to destruction. But it was of no avail; past Nuns' Island, up through the narrow, tortuous channel the light canoe held its way, until the danger had been almost passed and the head of the rapids reached, then—ah! terrible moment—the plank on which his left leg had been resting gave way; the water rushed into the boat, and in one and eleven-sixteenth seconds (by our special time taker) my hero was struggling in the water.

The dark water closed over his raven locks and auburn overcoat; the fierce aquatic fluid permeated his ears, eyes, nose and mouth and hurried in torrents down his throat. A terrible stinging was in his ears, a horrible gurgling in his windpipe; dark shadows flitted across his distempered brain, and in one second (by a stop watch) all his past career flashed through his brain like an electrical panorama; for one moment—only one moment—he seemed to be in the very jaws of death; the next, by a mighty effort, he had recovered his self-possession, and with a slight struggle he had gained his feet. ["The water was only forty feet deep, and he could stand."—Our Sensation Reporter.]

His first thought was his boat. To his great joy he found it still afloat within ten feet of him. His little dog (I don't think I mentioned his dog before, but no matter) had gallantly seized the sculls in his teeth and, although unable to make headway against the tide, still held his own against the current. It was the work of a moment for my hero to seize the boat, dog and all, in his arms, and placing it on his head, bravely breast the waters and wade towards Lachine.

Quiet reigned in the wigwams of the Chichelecheuchous; the Chiefs sat in solemn council and calmly smoked the calumet. In their retreat sat Bloody Bones, the far famed warrior of the tribe. His brow was clouded, and his heart was heavy, for Winkey Twinky—the Laughing Kitten—the pride of the camp had slighted his love and was flirting with Chow-Chow and Mushmoochewsup, two young and fiery braves. Bloody Bones smoked in silence for a long time, and then suddenly assuming an attitude of intense attention shouted,

"Ugh! Me Big Injun. Me great chief, he shouted, brandishing his tomahawk aloft; but as he noticed that the approaching stranger continued to walk towards the shore without paying any attention to him, he continued, "Big Injun want to go home," and he retraced his steps towards the Council fire where he announced the startling intelligence to the assembled Chiefs.

"Braves," said Bloody Bones, drawing his blanket around him, and speaking in the slow, deliberate accents natural to all wild men of the woods, "this is the dreaded white man of whom we have read so much in the New York Weekly, and other kindred papers. He comes to fatten on our lands; in his right hand he carries a rifle, in his left is the deadly fire water; on his legs are breeches, in his pockets are temperance tracts, and he wants to teach our squaws to play on the sewing machine. Shall he thus desecrate the land given us by the great Manitou? Never! he dies."

"Ugh!" shouted all the braves in concert. "Bring forth the bounding boomerang; we will prepare a surprise for our white brother; we will slay him, and scalp him, and make his body into chicken pot pie." "Ugh!" cried all the Chiefs; and then they smote themselves on their naked breasts, as if their fashion and shouted "Me Big Injun. Me great chief. Waugh!"

In a few moments the Indians were all safely hidden, and awaited with calmness the approach of the foe. Cock-eyed Johnson—such was my hero's name—slowly waded to the shore with his boat and dog, the latter seated in the bow keeping a sharp look out. As he neared the shore he became more cautious and said in a low tone to the dog "Boy—waw, do you see anything?" "Injun," said Bow-wow, in a low, expressive whisper "hiding behind the rocks and trees."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Johnson, "this is good. I will capture them and take them to Barnum's Museum. Give me my rifle." The dog turned to obey; one glance into the bottom of the boat and he gave a shout of astonishment and alarm. "The rifle was gone!"

"No matter," said Johnson. "I'll fix their flints without it." He shifted the boat to his right bank and continued his way cautiously towards the shore; his little dog jumped into the water and walked by his side. As his feet touched the shore, Bloody Bones gave a scream, and five thousand three hundred and seventeen braves in all the pomp and glory of full war paint, just as constantly portrayed by our special artist spring from their places of concealment and leaped in front of the stranger, with a shout which was echoed from Surina to Cocoma. Johnson braced himself for the attack, and his little dog got his back and his tail up, and showed his teeth in a threatening manner.

"My white brother has come," said Bloody Bones, advancing one step to the front, "my young men shall welcome him."

The young men immediately did this by discharging three thousand three hundred and thirty three tomahawks and a brickbat at Johnson, all of which were hurled with such deadly intent and such true aim that death seemed inevitable; but quick as thought Johnson threw his canoe in front of him and caught every tomahawk in its tough bark. With lightning-like rapidity he waded the boat in the air, and advancing one step he made one fell swoop with it and knocked off the heads of seventeen hundred and seventy seven Indians; "four more blows like that," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "and I'll fix the red devil."

Meanwhile his dog had not been idle; less fortunate than his master he had been struck by the brickbat, and had had three inches of his tail cut off by a tomahawk. Minded at the loss of his caudal appendage, Bow-wow sprung fiercely upon Bloody Bones, who changed to be nearest to him, and who stood laughing at what he supposed would be his easy victory. Quick as thought Bow-wow jumped down his throat, bit out his gizzard and was back again by his master's side before Bloody Bones had time to close his mouth. There was a pause. Bloody Bones went to

his wigwam to repair his gizzard, and the other Indians bustled themselves picking up the heads of their friends. Again the red skins advanced; again the deadly canoe descended on their heads and eleven hundred and twelve of them were laid on the sand; but fortune was unkind to our hero, and as he knooked off the head of Tougholdnut, the treacherous canoe broke into a thousand pieces and Johnson found himself defenceless. With another yell the Indians rushed upon him, he was thrown to the ground, a thousand tomahawks flashed above him, a hundred hands seized his hair, a hundred sharp knives cut off a hundred scalps, and a thousand spears pinned him to the earth. "This is getting serious," he thought. "Ah, ha!" he shouted, "Cock-eyed Johnson dies not so." With a mighty effort he shook himself free and springing to his feet; in a second he had seized Harolddhammar, an aged chief, by the ankles and swinging him aloft used him as a flail until he had cleared a circle around himself. Six hundred and six more heads were knocked off by this movement. He felt secure now. His triumph was sure. "Three more blows," he said, "and it is done." Just then a sudden whirring sound was heard, the deadly boomerang from the unerring hand of Bloody Bones whizzed through the air, Johnson experienced a curious sensation about the throat, and putting his hand up to discover its cause found

HIS HEAD WAS CUT OFF!!

Here he could recover his astonishment the Indians had again rushed on him and he found himself tied hand and foot and bound securely to a tree. Bloody Bones stepped forward, and picking up Johnson's head bowed politely as he replaced it on his shoulders, giving it a good smart rap on the top to make it stick. "My white brother will need that again," he said, "I will cut it off for him several times more."

The eighteen hundred and twenty two remaining Indians drew themselves up in a mass in front of their prisoner and prepared to torture him after the well known Indian fashion. Bloody Bones stood in front and waved around his head the deadly boomerang. "My white brother must lend me his head again," he said with a grim smile, and then threw the weapon from his hand. Now everybody knows that one of the peculiarities of the boomerang is that it apparently is aimed at nothing and suddenly turns round, comes back and hits something; on this occasion Bloody Bones managed to throw the weapon with such force that it flew in a straight line to Montreal, caromed on the Cupola of the City Hall and rebounded to Lachine revolving rapidly in the air, as is the fashion with boomerangs. It had almost reached Johnson, who patiently awaited the blow, when suddenly

THE BOOMERANG BUSTED

with a terrific noise, and its direction being changed it struck the Indians standing in a mass together and cut eighteen hundred and twenty one of them in half striking them all between the fourth and fifth ribs. The one who was left was Patomurphy—small Potatoes—and he was hiding in the cellar of the Lachine House. Johnson unbanded himself and found that, except a little stiffness in the neck, and three or four hundred wounds about his body, he had not suffered from his captors. He felt hungry, however, and, searching the Lachine House, he found Small Potatoes, roasted him for supper, ate him, and gave Bow-wow his bones to pick.

"I told you," he said apostrophizing the dead Indians, "you could not kill Cock-eyed Johnson that way." This is how the tribe of the Chichelecheuchous became extinct and

THE END OF BLOODY BONES.

CANADA.—The Department of Agriculture have arrangements with the Northern States to pay to give bonds for the transfer of goods belonging to immigrants through the United States territory. This will save a considerable amount of loss and inconvenience to immigrants by the fact that few years were subjected to almost ruinous exactions. An agent has been appointed by the department at North Pembina, to see that the bonds are properly distributed.—Hon. Colonel Croft has resigned the seat for St. John, N. B., and has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of British Columbia.—The profits of the bazar in aid of the erection of the New Hospital at New Brunswick amounted to \$2,400.—Sir John A. Macdonald left Ottawa on 6th inst. for the West. He will probably be absent about three weeks. He will be present at ten or twelve meetings.—Hon. Mr. Wood has resigned the seat for St. John's, N. B., and has been appointed Chief Justice of Manitoba.—The Hon. Mr. Blake, Premier of Ontario, has sailed for England.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNITED STATES.—A complimentary dinner was given to the French band at Boston on 6th inst.—The Grenadier Band sailed from New York on 6th inst.—There were nearly two hundred deaths from sunstroke in New York last week.—The deaths in Philadelphia last week were 761, an increase over the previous week of 350, and of 389 over the same week last year.—The picture gallery at the looking glass and moulding works of Sanford & Bon, Syracuse, were destroyed by fire on 6th inst. Loss, \$30,000.—The World says that Greeley's nomination as Baltimore is a foregone conclusion, and there are no indications of a formidable revolt. It adds: "There will be but two candidates. For our part, we shall advise nobody to vote for Grant, and as between the remaining alternative of voting for Greeley or staying at home, we have no counsel to offer. Our duty may more clearly appear after the canvass has made some progress."—The New York strikers have formed an idea of gaining the right hour of the day.—The decrease in the public debt for the last month was \$2,031,035.—Thirty-nine barefooted Friars and seven Dominican Friars, banished from Guatemala for conspiracy against the Government, arrived at San Francisco lately.—The fourth of July was observed in Richmond, Va., as a general holiday, for the first time in twelve years.—The casualties for the proper observance of the fourth of July in New York foot up: 38 fires, 9 of which were serious; 24 persons died from the effects of the heat; 56 persons struck; 24 persons wounded by fire-arms; 18 members of the National Guard struck during parade, some of whom will probably die.

ENGLAND.—One Wideman has addressed a letter to the London Echo, offering to sell to that paper a pamphlet written by Catanzu, containing terrible and alarming revelations relative to the Government. President Grant. Wideman says that Catanzu engaged him to sell the pamphlet in America, and that he has already treated with the editor of a New York paper for its publication.—The President of the Prison Reform Congress, lately held in London, representatives were present from every civilized country in the world.—The ship Omaha, for Calcutta, from Liverpool, has been wrecked on the Hookey river. Seven of the crew were drowned.

GERMANY.—Emperor William has appointed three of the law officers of the Crown to prepare a report upon the San Juan Boundary question.—A Hereditary Prince of Prussia has received assurances from three great Catholic powers consenting to a convulse of Cardinals, in order to have a perfect understanding between the Cardinals and Governments interested in the Pope.

If you want your Panama and Straw hats properly cleaned and trimmed go to 596 Craig Street and have them done at once by G. E. Siegars successors to G. W. Ketchum. 2-26d.